

## RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. N. C. DIVISION. Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING EAST.		
DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 11 Daily.	No. 43 Daily.
Leave Charlotte.....	3 35 a m	4 35 p m
Leave High Point.....	3 44 a m	6 06 p m
Leave Greensboro.....	7 05 a m	7 20 p m
Arrive Greensboro.....	7 45 a m	8 09 p m
Leave Greensboro.....	10 05 a m	
Arrive Hillsboro.....	12 14 p m	
Arrive Durham.....	12 14 p m	
Arrive Raleigh.....	8 10 p m	
Leave Raleigh.....	3 20 p m	
Arrive Greensboro.....	5 00 p m	

TRAINS GOING WEST.		
DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 50 Daily.	No. 92 Daily.
Leave Greensboro.....	1 05 p m	
Arrive Raleigh.....	3 40 p m	
Arrive Durham.....	3 40 p m	
Arrive Hillsboro.....	4 54 p m	
Arrive Greensboro.....	7 53 p m	
Leave Greensboro.....	9 15 p m	10 11 a m
Arrive High Point.....	9 59 p m	10 50 a m
Arrive Raleigh.....	11 12 p m	12 16 p m
Arrive Charlotte.....	1 10 a m	2 10 p m

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.		
GOING WEST.		
DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 50 Daily.	No. 52 Daily.
Leave Greensboro.....	9 25 p m	10 21 a m
Arrive Kernersville.....	10 45 p m	11 20 a m
Arrive Salem.....	11 10 p m	12 04 p m

GOING EAST.		
DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 51 Daily.	No. 53 Daily.
Leave Salem.....	5 45 a m	5 40 p m
Arrive Kernersville.....	6 45 a m	6 40 p m
Arrive Greensboro.....	7 20 a m	7 20 p m

STATE UNIVERSITY R. R.		
GOING NORTH.		
DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 1 Daily.	No. 2 Daily.
Leave Chapel Hill.....	(Except Sunday)	(Except Sunday)
Arrive University.....	11 15 a m	12 15 a m

GOING SOUTH.		
DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 2 Daily.	No. 1 Daily.
Leave University.....	(Except Sunday)	(Except Sunday)
Arrive Chapel Hill.....	11 15 a m	12 15 a m

**PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS, WITHOUT CHANGE** on trains 50 and 51, between New York and Atlanta, on trains 52 and 53, between Washington and Greensboro, and between Greensboro and Durham.

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RICHMOND, VA.

### THAT AWFUL COWBOY.

He wore but the sapsucker,  
And with neither coat nor vest.  
He was on a high old bender  
In a peaceful town West!  
His muddy horse-pistol  
Was in his boot-legs stuck,  
And his yells at times, loud roars,  
He said were "just for luck."

He had a big horse-pistol,  
And he stated he could smash  
A small-sized watch's crystal  
At a hundred yards, for cash.  
He wore no tie or collar,  
And his shirt, not over his,  
Cost just one-half a dollar  
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

He scorned the town officials,  
Unmindful of their state,  
And carved uncouth initials  
On the village liquor bars.  
He seemed to have no money,  
And when he took a drink  
He called the landlord "sonny,"  
And paid him with a wink.

With noisy song and whistle  
He on a horse-look sat,  
And fired his horse-pistol  
At the mayor's bee-gum hat.  
He pealed the ladies' faces  
With his loud, sarcastic laugh,  
And made uncouth grimaces  
At the coonstables and staff.

But a fellow met this cowboy  
And caught him by the ear,  
And said, quite coolly, "Now, boy,  
'Tis time you get from here!"  
Then he shook up his digestion  
In a way that raised a laugh,  
And proved beyond a question  
That the cowboy was a calf.

### A PRESENTIMENT.

If there was anything "in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," that Mrs. William Perkins was afraid of it was a burglar! When a mere child, her father's house had been broken into and robbed, and the remembrance of the excitement of that time was too strong to be ever effaced. And ever since she had had a house of her own, she had been expecting a similar occurrence. Not a night passed that she didn't look in the closet or under the bed, and her husband jokingly declared that she even examined the soap-dish and match-safe in the expectation of beholding a fierce robber concealed therein!

She was indeed a timid little body, starting nervously at the slightest sound, always on the lookout for "signs," and now and then, when "blue" and depressed, declaring that "she had a presentiment."

"I believe something is going to happen to-night, William," she said, late one summer evening, as she sat on the edge of the bed and unbuttoned her shoes. "I have had such a heavy, weighed-down feeling all the afternoon."

"You stop yourself up too much, my dear. A run over the hills or a call at a neighbor's would tone you up wonderfully."

His wife looked injured.

"I thought you didn't approve of women gadding about," she said, with a pout.

"Not gadding, my dear, of course not. I only meant taking necessary exercise. But," anxious to avoid a storm, "what makes you blue to-night?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's thinking about burglars. Did you know that the Millers, who live up on the creek road, had their house entered last week? The thieves got a watch, a pair of earrings and quite a sum of money. I truly believe they'll pay us a visit before long," and Mrs. Perkins shuddered as she tied her night-drawings.

"Well, let them come!" said her husband, coolly, as he laid his tired head on the pillow. "They've been coming ever since we've been married and kept house, and that's—let me see—nine years in June. Takes 'em a long while—hey, Betty?"

"You needn't laugh. It's no joking matter. And I tell you what," impressively, "I know that something is going to happen—I feel it in my bones."

About 12 o'clock that night Mr. Perkins was awakened by two cold hands clasping his neck, while his wife, with chattering teeth, whispered:

"William!—William! Wake up! Somebody is stealing your Plymouth Rocks!"

This was enough to fully arouse him, for he was something of a poultry fancier, and the Plymouth Rock fowls, being at that time a very rare breed, had been purchased by him at an extravagant price.

He sprang out of bed, seized his revolver, and hurried downstairs and out at the back door. It was a warm summer night, and he experienced no discomfort in his light and airy attire.

Just as he approached the henryery the thief ran from it. No human burglar, indeed, but instead a small black and white animal, a weasel or a cat—which, Mr. Perkins could not tell. But the animal, whatever it was, had one of his young Plymouth Rock chickens in its mouth.

"The pesky thing," muttered Mr. Perkins. "I wonder if I can catch it!" And away he started in pursuit.

Down the garden walk went the thief—under the front gate and across the road. Regardless of the stones and mud, and of his own scant attire, Mr. Perkins followed. There was a rush—then a scramble, a sprawl and the next instant Mr. Perkins had the struggling, furry body in his grasp. Fortunately, the culprit proved to be only a cat. Its victim was limp and lifeless.

Angry and disappointed, Mr. Perkins bestowed a parting kick on the murderous feline, and then, holding the poor little Plymouth Rock in his hand, he turned to retrace his steps to the house.

### HEALTH HINTS.

Turpentine applied to a cut is a preventive of lockjaw.

A writer in one of the medical journals says he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid, three or four times a day, by means of a camel-hair pencil, to be the best and easiest method for removing warts.

To quiet the burning of eye-poisoned hands, wet them with hot lime-water. This will be efficacious sometimes when nothing else does any good.

Professor See, of the Hotel Dieu, Paris, says that the new extract of lily-of-the-valley is one of the most important remedies in heart disease now.

A German doctor recommends bread made with sea water as a wonderful remedy against scrofula and disorders resulting from insufficient nourishment. Sea water ought to stand twelve hours before being used for making dough, in order to free it from impurities. Bread made with it has no unpleasant taste.

### The Champion Wrestler.

Probably the meanest trick ever played upon a guileless stranger was consummated at Muldoon's training quarters, Stagg's Lake Merced resort, the other day.

With a party of visitors to the wrestler was sitting on the porch, a back droop up containing ex-Governor Perkins, Bishop Kip, and two just-arrived English tourists, one of whom was a dude of the most pronounced and unmistakable type.

As soon as this rascal descended from his carriage for refreshments, Senator McCarthy at once concocted a fell scheme, into which he initiated the other bold men at his side. He immediately sought Muldoon in his room, and told him that a noted English wrestler had just arrived on the Australian steamer, and that the boys had put up a job to the effect that the new man was to be introduced to the champion as a simple traveler; that he was to wait his opportunity, seize Muldoon when off his guard, and down him "just for a flyer."

"So that is the scheme, eh?" said Muldoon, grimly. "Well, I'll see if I can't give our Australian friend a little surprise party."

McCarthy then minutely described the formidable stranger, who, he said, could be particularly distinguished by an eyeglass and a white rose in his buttonhole.

A few minutes afterward the new arrivals were introduced to the wrestler, and were chatting pleasantly together, the conspirators being much amused by the sidelong glances which the champion kept measuring every movement of the unsuspecting object of their plot.

Bishop Kip was just finishing a disquisition upon the general merits of muscular Christianity, when, with one of those panther-like springs that so disconcerted Donald Dinnie, Muldoon seized the dude who stood placidly sucking the knob of his cane, and with a powerful twist flung him clear over his shoulder through the air, the astonished Englishman alighting on the back of his neck, in a rosebush, a dozen feet off.

"Put up a job on me, will you?" said Muldoon, with a chuckle.

The uproar that followed was past description. The dude screamed for the police, Governor Perkins rushed out to telegraph for the militia, while the venerable bishop hastily mounted a chicken coop, under the impression that he was the victim of a Phoenix park plot for his personal assassination.

It was at least ten minutes before the matter was explained by the mysterious disappearance of the senator and his friends, who had inconspicuously left for the city early in the difficulty. The matter was finally compromised, and the victim sent home in a hack with a liberal supply of amice, but still expressing his determination to write to the British minister at Washington regarding the outrage.

"A big black if an international intrigue or something else expensive does not come of the matter yet. Meanwhile, McCarthy is hiding somewhere in the foothills until Muldoon signs an agreement not to knock him out in one round."—*San Francisco Post.*

### The Grave of the Vivandiere.

In Soldiers' section B, row 27, near the big pine in the southwestern part of the Soldiers' cemetery, a plain granite monument stands, inscribed: "Catherine Hodges, Company K, Fifth Louisiana, 1863." The grave is never overlooked. Every Memorial Day flowers are to be found upon it. The deceased is well remembered by many of our citizens. She came to Virginia as the vivandiere of her company, the sick and care for the wounded. Her life was devoted to the Confed erate cause. In some of the holiday parades that marked the presence of Southern soldiers here in the early days of the war, with gay red cap and zouave-like dress, she marched at the head of the command to which she was attached. Her mission was to nurse others, but she herself soon required nursing. She fell sick and died and was buried with the soldiers—no poor, lone woman among 12,000 men.

—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

The fashionable New York stores employ from 100 to 500 clerks, to whom are added dressmakers and other attaches, which add three-fold to the number. Such employment cannot be considered healthy, since the air is close and unwholesome, but there is a pressure, as a hundred applicants for each vacancy. Salesmen receive from \$7 to \$12 a week, while "heads of stock" rate from \$18 to \$20. These "heads" have charge of specialties, and are responsible for their management.

### THE BAD BOY IN MOURNING.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE BEAR DEPUTY'S Family Affairs.—The Grocery Man Obtains a View of the Deceased.

"Why don't you take an ice pick and clean the dirt out from under your finger nails," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store and stroked the cat the wrong way as she lay in the sun on the counter, on a quire of Manila paper.

"Can't remove the dirt for thirty days. It is an emblem of mourning. Had a funeral at our house yesterday," and the boy took a pickle out of a jar and put it in the cat's mouth, and then went to the show case, while the grocery man, whose back had been turned during the pickle exercise, thought by the way the cat jumped into the dried apple barrel and began to paw and scratch with all four of her feet, and yowl, that she was going to have a fit.

"I hadn't heard about it," said the grocery man, as he took the cat by the neck and tossed her out in the back shed into an old oyster box full of saw-dust, with a parting injunction that if she was going to have fits she better go out where there was plenty of fresh air. "Death is always a sad thing to contemplate. One day we are full of health and joy and cold victuals, and the next we are screwed down in a box, a few words are said over our remains, a few tears are shed, and there is a race to see who shall get back from the cemetery first, and though we may think we are an important factor in the world's progress, and are unable to feel as though it would be a loss to put up margins and see right along, and it must annoy people who die to realize that they don't count for game. The greatest man in the world is only a nine-spot when he is dead, because somebody else takes the tricks the dead man ought to have taken. But, say, who is dead at your house?"

### The Giant Planet.

Jupiter is still a splendid phenomenon. His rocky belts and equatorial clouds, and the constantly changing aspect of his satellite system, never cease to be interesting, and whoever has seen them once is sure to wish to see them again as often as he can. One of the great charms of a telescopic view of Jupiter is the visible motion of the planet and his moons. In a single evening one can see the huge globe roll half-way over on its axis, the time of a whole rotation being only ten hours, and can witness the passage of the round black shadow of one of the moons across the face of the planet, or the disappearance of another moon as it goes behind the planet or is eclipsed in the great cone of shadow which Jupiter throws far away into space behind him. It is difficult for one not accustomed to astronomical observations to comprehend the fact that these little shining globes which he sees moving so silently and smoothly in their orbits are actually worlds in size, and that they are removed hundreds of thousands of miles from the great planet around which they circle. If, as most astronomers believe, Jupiter has not yet cooled down into a habitable globe, he is, in some respects, all the more interesting to us on that account; for if he were an inhabited globe, no telescope man could make out his work to us, and the very fact that he was in such a condition as to support inhabitants would preclude the possibility of any physical changes which could be seen at the distance of four or five hundred million miles. But, on the other hand, if, as is very believed, Jupiter is yet in a very early stage of world growth, then the inhabitants of this earth can continue to watch with their telescopes, as they have been doing for the last 200 years, the changes of appearance which he undergoes. In other words, they can behold part of the geological development of a distant world, and, if the human race could exist long enough, could hand down its records unbroken from age to age, it might at last have a complete history, based on actual observations, of the growth of Jupiter from a globe of gaseous or fluid matter to a solid and habitable world like our own.

### How to Learn to Swim.

Wade out until the water is up to your breast, then turn your face toward the shore and try to swim toward it. You know that the water between you and the shore is not over your depth, as you will have waded through it; this will give you confidence to strike out. Confidence is a great help in learning. The chief use of the various aids in learning—the swimming-plank, corks or the presence of an older person—is to give the learner confidence. A plank a few feet long, on which the beginner can place one of both hands, is sometimes of any kind that are fastened to the body, but very little aid—in fact, no aid—in order to keep his head above water, if he only has confidence. If an older brother or other friend will hold his hand just in such a manner that you can rest your chin upon it, you can soon learn the proper movement of the arms and legs. Another method is to have a strap or band of webbing or other material around the chest, just under the arms. A few feet of stout cord has one end attached to the hand and the other end attached to a light, stout pole. In this manner a stout person can help the learner while standing on the land. The chief use of this contrivance is to give the beginner confidence. Those who understand to aid a boy in learning to swim should resist all temptation to ducking may be given, it startles the learner, and he is therefore fearful it may be repeated.

### FOR SOMEBODY'S SAKE.

As over life's mortals and vale  
Our pilgrimage journey we take,  
We add to our trouble and care,  
And heavier burdens we bear  
For somebody's sake.

Though deeply we're wounded by grief,  
Though the heavy may continue to ache,  
Our sorrows we keep out of sight,  
And our faces are smiling and bright  
For somebody's sake.

We labor and toil all the day  
And may a sacrifice make,  
And at night may be weary and worn  
With the trials we've cheerfully borne  
For somebody's sake.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The farmer's inquiry—"Hay?"  
Noah was never afraid of starvation  
during the flood. He always had a  
lamb in the ark.

Directions for resuscitating a half-  
drowned individual: If it's a girl  
whisper ice cream in her ear.

When a woman wants to be pretty  
she bangs her hair, and when she  
wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

Women do not suffer as much as they  
used to, in old times, from contraction  
of the chest. Just look at the size of  
the Saratoga trunks.—*Texas Siftings.*

A case is on record where a barber  
and his victim were both happy. The  
former talked on without interruption  
and the latter was dead.—*Toledo American.*

A Hartford boy can imitate the  
sound of a dog-biting perfectly, and  
twice the police have had to rescue  
him from disappointed crowds.—*Dos-  
ton Post.*

### The Giant Planet.

The man who wrote a little pamphlet  
entitled "How to Get On in the  
World," was put off a street car the  
other day because he hadn't money  
enough to pay his fare.—*Norristown  
Herald.*

"Ma is Long Branch an awful dirty  
place?" "Why, no, my child—what  
made you think so?" "Why, here is  
an advertisement that says it is washed  
by the tide twice a day."—*Burlington  
Free Press.*

"My big brother can ride on a bi-  
cycle with two wheels," said one small  
boy to another. "Good golly, that's  
nothing!" replied the other. "Why,  
my little brother can ride on one with  
three wheels."—*Kentucky State Jour-  
nal.*

### Making him feel at home: Enfant Terrible.—Oh, papa, do ask Mr. Gobe- mouché to swallow his "suppin."

Guest (smiling).—"Why do you wish  
me to do that, Miss Alice?" Alice,  
(earnestly).—"Oh, because mamma  
says you will swallow anything."

He slipped quietly in at the door, but  
catching sight of an inquiring face  
over the stair-rail, said: "Some-  
late, my dear, couldn't get a car be-  
fore. So the ears were full too,"  
said the lady; and further remarks  
were unnecessary.—*Georgia Major.*

The man who has a country cousin  
with a desirable farm residence is now  
busy trying to explain how it hap-  
pened that, during the winter season  
he visited the town, he was never  
able to find his fashionable relative at  
home or get admission to the house.—  
*Fall River Advertiser.*

"An American young lady singer  
went to Europe bearing the name of  
Mary Jane Boggs, and her cognomen  
is now Miss Lina Lafanti." Well, if  
the residents of the school district  
where she lived before she took her  
European tour are unable to recognize  
her under her assumed name, they will  
probably have no difficulty in recog-  
nizing her voice.—*Pek's Sun.*

A young man, dressed in the height  
of fashion, and with a poetic turn  
of mind, was driving along a country  
road, and, upon gazing at the pond  
which skirted the highway, said: "Oh,  
how I would like to have my heated  
head in those cooling waters!" An  
Irishman, overhearing the exclamation,  
immediately replied: "Bedad, you  
might have it there and it wouldn't  
sink."—*Pek's Weekly.*

### Who visits us in summer's heat?

Who brests us often on the street?  
Who frequently at home we meet?  
Who saunters round on pinions fleet?  
Who takes in every free-lunch treat?  
Who dines with poor and the elite?  
Who always gorges on fresh meat?  
Who never deigns to take a treat?  
But always stands upon his feet  
Whenever he's inclined to eat?  
Who should it be but that petite  
Lalio biter, with the sword?

Name, Mosquit?  
—*Boston Courier.*

### A country merchant visiting the city and purchased from a dollar store a table-caster, which he took home with him, and after putting a tag on it to marked \$14, made a present of it to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gen- tleman took the package home, opened it and examined the contents. The next day he took the Easter (with the tag attached) back to the groceryman, and said to him: "I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a Easter on my table, and if you have no objection, I should like to return it and take \$14 worth of gro- ceries in its stead." The merchant could do nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings.

### It is a fact not generally known that most of the tobacco stems from North Carolina tobacco is manufactured into snuff for the German peasants. They are collected by a Winston firm and shipped thence in immense quantities.

### FASHION NOTES.

Cashmeres in all shades are good.  
Panel-shaped trimming is particu-  
larly admired.  
Flounces of dresses are edged with  
chenille drops.  
Embossed satins are reappearing for  
summer costumes.  
Irish and French poplins are again  
worn over velvet skirts.  
Green hair is the rage among  
fashionable women in Paris.  
The newest stockings are made of  
bright yellow silk embroidered all over  
a tiny black mite.  
Some of the very newest lawn-tennis  
costumes are made of checked material  
instead of stripes.  
After all, white or cream-tinted flane-  
nel serge makes the prettiest and most  
suitable seaside suit.  
Brocaded gauzes looped with natural  
pink water-lilies will be worn as ball  
dresses at the summer resorts.  
New breakfast caps are made on  
Fanchon frames, with real Valen-  
ciennes lace and loops of ribbon.  
Deep shoulder capes with several  
rows of shirrings or three large plaits  
down the shoulders are very stylish.  
Bonnets with peaked brims usually  
have a bow or bunch of flowers placed  
within the brim directly over the fore-  
head.  
The new suede gloves, with elastic  
wrists, take the names of gants Tan-  
nes, the Bourse, and the Coppelia  
glove.  
Capes and mantles of lace, che-  
nille and bead nettings are worn on  
dressey occasions, even when the  
weather is very hot.  
Lace-making promises to be one of  
the fashionable pastimes during the  
summer, not the Macreole lace, but  
Irish point and Venice point.  
Slippers made of marabout feathers  
and lined with pink and blue satin are  
coming into fashion. The heels are  
very high and are plated with silver.  
Transparent bonnets for midsummer  
wear are made of gauze and trimmed  
with aigrettes or flowers. The inside  
of the brim is finished with plaitings  
of soft lace.  
The handsomest silk jerseys come  
with turned cuffs, rolling collar, pos-  
sition plaits in the back and curved  
pockets at the side. These jackets  
have darts in front, fit nicely and are  
much cooler than any lined waist.  
Riding habits are many of them so  
fitted as to closely follow the outline of  
the figure when the lady is in the  
saddle. To gain the desired cut, the  
body to be fitted is seated on a stuffed  
horse while the measure is taken.  
An attractive arrangement for deco-  
rating the waist of a dress is of lace  
and ribbon. The plaiting is of lace,  
which is sewn down on one side of a  
narrow band reaching from throat to  
bust, with a succession of loops of  
satin ribbon or rows of velvet down  
the other, forming a heading.